

THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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Dirty Bill

VIRGINIA NELL McMANUS

Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

WHEN I WAS A CHILD WE HAD A VERY WONDERFUL MAN to tend our yard and furnace. His name was Bill Scooey, and he was the dirtiest man I've ever seen; he looked dirty and he talked dirty. Like most of the children in the neighborhood I was forbidden to "go within a mile of that dreadful man." Therefore, I spent most of my time with him, following him around the neighborhood as he did odd jobs at the various houses. I was not alone, for all the children followed Dirty Bill.

One of the reasons for his excessive filth was that he had no home; he owned an old car in which he kept his tools and personal belongings. In the winter he slept in the car; in the summer he slept next to the car. When he was drunk he would sleep on one of our porches, and there would be great excitement when two or three of the neighbor men came over to assist Bill back to his compact little home.

As far as I was concerned, Dirty Bill led an ideal life. He ate what he pleased, said what he pleased to whom he pleased, had no obligations, inhibitions, or confinements, and he followed a minimum of rules. Furthermore he was a magnificent liar, which made his stories far more juicy than tame old fantasies. He did not believe in Santa Claus, but he was superstitious in the extreme and could describe in vivid detail less pleasant supernatural creatures and their activities. He constructed wonderfully obscene statements for us to make to our teachers and parents, and taught us great contempt for authority.

Once, when our basement was flooding and Bill had been hastily summoned, he provoked the wrath of the gods and my family by childishly splashing around in the rising water and encouraging us to do the same before he fixed the leak. As he so aptly put it, this was the closest most of us would ever come to owning a private pool, and we should enjoy unexpected pleasures. But after the leakage was stopped and the surface drained, Bill was forgiven, for he was the only handy man in the neighborhood and therefore quite valuable.

Through a period of perhaps twelve years, or until I was in my 'teens, Bill's tales, escapades, and battles with and against authority were interwoven with my life. The year that I entered high school we lost him. It was in the early fall, and Bill was in great demand for leaf-raking, fall bulb-planting, and storm-window repairing. It was unfortunate that he chose that time to go on a binge, but Bill was not a practical person and he did not consider such things. For a week he reeled, lurched and staggered about, ignoring the pleas and threats of the local home-owners. Toward the end of his week-long orgy he curled up on Doctor Allen's front porch for a nap, choosing, with his usual

lack of consideration, the night of a party. The Allens apparently did not notice him until the first guests tripped over his sooty form, and there followed quite an uproar. Mrs. Allen insisted that she was disgraced, Dr. Allen was unable to arouse him, and in the confusion their better judgment was put aside, and they called the police to remove him.

We have never been too sure what happened from then on. I do know that my father and Mr. Mills went down to the jail the next night, and Bill was released. Someone said they saw him when he climbed into his car and drove off. But his moving was as simple as his mode of living, and it all happened inside an hour. And we never heard of him again. Still, we children paid a fitting tribute to Bill. We wrote everything that he had taught us on the Allen's sidewalk, and in a way it was a memorial.

The Gas Turbine in the Automobile

GEORGE WARNER

Rhetoric 101, Theme C

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO ON A LONELY STRETCH OF HIGHWAY near London a significant event took place which will do much to influence the evolution of the automobile. As the early morning fog began to lift, a group of engineers could be seen readying a small British automobile for its first test run. The general design of the car was entirely conventional.

But as the machine was started and began to move down the highway, an unnatural silence prevailed. There was no roar of exhaust. Although the car was accelerating very rapidly, only a soft hissing sound could be heard. Even at high speeds the noise was barely noticeable.

Upon reaching top speed the driver signalled to the timer, who clocked the car's speed over a measured mile. After reading the instruments, the timer eagerly rushed to the engineers to give them the results. On this, the initial run of the world's first gas turbine powered car, a speed of 152 miles per hour had been reached.

To the reader who is acquainted with high performance automobiles, this speed would not seem out of the ordinary if it were not for the following facts: the fuel used was ordinary, cheap kerosene; the engine consisted of only two hundred parts. It contained no transmission or cooling system, and the complete power unit itself weighed just a little more than three hundred pounds.

In contrast, a gasoline engine of comparable performance would weigh at least five times that much. It would need a transmission and cooling system and would incorporate about twelve hundred parts. If one compares the cost of assembling and operating these two types of power plants, he can easily see the many advantages that the gas turbine has over the gasoline engine.

The gas turbine has solved two of the fundamental problems of efficient engine design. These problems—weight and reliability—have done much to limit the use of other types of engines. Weight is a natural disadvantage if the engine is to be used in transportation, since much of the engine's output is wasted in moving the engine itself. Reliability is a major problem because the greater the number of parts in an engine, the greater the chances of failure. Unlike other engines, the gas turbine has a minimum of parts, and its basic structure is made up of very light components.

The development of the gas turbine is in its infancy. Still, considerable progress has been made, and the tremendous possibilities of this unit have been recognized by many industries. These industries are spending much money on research in the gas turbine engine and are confident that upon its perfection it will provide the solution to many power problems. There is little doubt that in time the gas turbine will completely replace the gasoline engine in the automobile and will find widespread use in many other types of transportation.

Reluctant Journey

M. R. DE LA PAZ

Rhetoric 102, Theme 2

THERE HE WAS IN CALIFORNIA, THE LAND OF GIANT RED-woods and orange groves. He had arrived in San Francisco from Chicago in his dusty, wrinkled Air Force uniform, toting a duffle bag containing all of his precious belongings. The leaves and grass were strange to him, so green in contrast to Chicago's shivering branches and brownish tufts barely visible through the snow.

He did not like Camp Stoneman with its row after row of dreary, dirty-brown barracks. After two miserable weeks of waiting in lines for indoctrination lectures, inoculations, meals and movies, he was finally herded onto the huge transport and assigned one of the uncomfortable, quadruple-decked canvas bunks. They were so closely stacked that if he once settled down for the night in a nose-up position, that was the way he had to remain until morning.

He cursed the assignment sergeant when he discovered that he had been assigned a section in the bow of the ship on "F" deck. Since "A" was the main deck, he found himself riding almost below the water-line, in the very bowels of the ship. He would never forget those first nausea-filled days when he saw very little of the beautiful ocean, but knew it was there by the constant pitching and rolling of his bunk. After two seemingly endless weeks of staring abjectly at the monotonous, pale green, tossing ocean, he reached what he later knew to be Japan, his country's ex-enemy.

He did not see very much of Yokohama, Japan, because as he stepped off the gangplank there was a long troop train waiting to carry him off on another leg of the journey. The overnight trip was cold and the closing darkness prevented further inspection of this mysterious land. In the morning he arrived at Ashiya, Japan, located on the southernmost island, Kyushu. There he was equipped with a field pack, rifle, bayonet, and steel helmet. Now he had no doubt what his destination was to be.

What he was able to see of the Japanese landscape pleased him and reminded him of the smoothly-plowed furrows back in Illinois. The Japanese people were generally small and slender. He remembered the caricatures of the Japanese during the last war and was surprised to see that they did not all wear huge, horn-rimmed glasses and have projecting, fang-like teeth. He would watch their faces as they passed to see if he could detect some resentment of his presence, but saw only warm smiles and shy glances.

Several days later he was crowded into a C-54 four-motor transport and was soon skimming through the white, puffy clouds over the emerald-green mountains of Japan. He was on the last lap of his journey and knew that the next stop would be Korea. He had followed the newspaper accounts of the Korean War and his throat tightened a little when he was directed to fasten his safety belt. Looking out of the small window by his side he could see the ground getting closer and closer until the plane bumped the ground, hopped a few times, and finally glided to a stop at the edge of the dusty airstrip.

* * *

The constant beating of the old clock on the double-dresser is the only sound which penetrates the stillness of the air. Its regularity is eternal. The walls of the room are dark, having neither pictures nor mirror, and are interrupted only by a single window. The thin rays of light which are reflected into the room are absorbed by a dark carpet. No draperies are hung, and, except for a wreath of holly, the window is bare.

A small, artificial Christmas tree stands in a corner of the room, near the window. It is trimmed with popcorn balls, candy Santas, and tinsel. Under the tree is a small package which has traveled a great distance.

A leather chair which matches the walls and the carpet stands in the center of the room, facing the Christmas tree. On one side of the chair is a metal ash tray, empty of cigarette butts and ashes. On the other side of the chair is a small table, upon which stands a lamp, several time-honored novels, and a lamp, but a newspaper is lacking.

On the double dresser, behind the old clock, stands a photograph of a man in uniform. The picture has been taken recently, and the colors are bright, but this state is not eternal.

—JERRY GOLD, 102

Knock on Any Door

ALBERT G. BLEDIG

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

NICK ROMANO, "PRETTY BOY" NICK ROMANO—HERE WAS a name that caused Chicago to shudder. Here was a name that was loved by few and hated by many. Here was the name of a murderer. Too many people knew only the name, and too few knew the young man behind the name. Nick Romano was taught in early life by his devout mother and the priest and nuns at his church to love his religion. He was going to be a priest. When the failure of his father's business necessitated his moving to a poorer section of the city, Nick was subjected to the crime, corruption, and cruelty of the slums. As a result, he learned the laws of the slums, that is, to follow the gang, to do as they did, to live as they lived. After being sent to reform school for a theft he did not commit, Nick became embittered against the law because of the harsh and violent treatment he received at the school. He learned to admire those who defied the law. He took a defiant attitude toward society in general. It was in reform school that the seed of Nick's fate was sown and the seed produced nothing but thorns. His hate and resentment led him through seven fast years packed with sin and crime and seated him in the electric chair at the age of twenty-one. He had said, "Live fast, die young, and have a good-looking corpse."

What made this man a criminal? What drove him to murder? How did Nick think and feel? Was he really to blame or were his actions seeded by his environment and by the treatment he received from others? These questions Willard Motley attempts to answer in *Knock on Any Door*. Puzzling though these questions are, they have, as the author points out, obvious answers that are easily overlooked by you and me. The author devotes his story primarily to presenting these answers to the reader from Nick Romano's point of view. Motley's aim is to show that a man's environment is a powerful force in determining his actions.

Does the author achieve his purpose? The answer is yes. After living through twenty-one years of love and hate, hope and disappointment, gentleness and cruelty with Nick Romano in the pages of *Knock on Any Door*, the reader gains an entrance into the real Nick. He shares Nick's thoughts, feelings, pains, and resentments and can understand why he was the kind of man he was. Nick was clearly a victim of his environment.

To emphasize the forces of Nick's surroundings, Motley skillfully employs realistic characters, background, and language to paint the shocking scenes of crime and sin on "Skid Row." His portrayals of the inhabitants are so complete and vivid that after reading the book one knows as much about them as if he had actually met them. Motley paints a striking picture of the

dirty, rundown buildings and filthy, cluttered streets and alleys. He adds the language of the slums to complete the description. One can more readily understand, after having read the book, how these surroundings would have a demoralizing effect on a person.

In addition to describing the slums expertly, Motley develops the character in such a way as to sway the reader's feelings toward them. The reader, although he sees Nick both as a religious youth and a drunkard and criminal both as a good-hearted young man giving his last quarter to a hungry friend and as a heartless murderer, is at all times sympathetic toward Nick.

Motley places the blame for a man's actions on society. He strongly emphasizes the role that society plays in making a man what he is. He implies that if people would try to realize the basic reasons for a man's actions instead of judging him as good or bad because of them, there would be greater understanding among men.

A Gold Mine In My Basement

ROBERT IMMEL

Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

MY FATHER MIGHT STILL BE A STRIVING ENTERPRISE if he hadn't received a letter from his brother-in-law. For Dad had returned from the Army in 1946 to take an active interest in his half ownership of a bowling alley, golf driving range and miniature golf course.

The fateful letter announced his in-law's plans to set up a mink ranch. The idea of making a living by raising fur-bearers sounded good to Dad, so he began investigating and soon learned about chinchillas—the fabulous little animals whose exquisite fur and extreme rarity make them literally worth more than their weight in gold. In the relatively open field of chinchilla raising there was little competition, big prices, and trivial maintenance costs. For almost a year, Dad talked to thirty chinchilla breeders from coast to coast and read about the valuable little rodents. This research deepened his interest and convinced him that he could raise chinchillas.

Another thing Dad discovered was that since Queen Isabella of Spain had gone into ecstasy over the first piece of chinchilla fur brought to Europe from the New World (about 1500 AD), chinchilla skins have commanded fabulous prices on the world market. The prices have been so exclusive, in fact, that only about twenty-five chinchilla coats are in existence today—each worth from \$25,000 to \$75,000! (About five have been assembled from ranch-grown pelts. The latest, sold to Rita Hayworth's husband for \$75,000, contains 23 skins.)

Dad's research turned up another interesting fact: Because chinchillas are native to the austere mountains of Peru and Chile, their diet consists of inexpensive vegetables. And the cool temperatures of their native habitat could be approximated in the basement of our home. Thus, the chinchilla seemed an ideal money-maker—inexpensive to feed and house, always in demand at regal prices. The original investment was also king-sized. Breeding animals sell for \$1200 to \$1600 a pair, and to raise this kind of money, Dad sold his part of the amusement business. He bought ten pairs of chinchillas, which were flown to Carthage from the West Coast.

With a herd of twenty animals, Dad settled into a delicate business that was unknown before a man named Chapman took a big gamble back in 1923.

Seven years before, Peru and Chile had placed a ban on the export of chinchilla skins because several centuries of ruthless hunting had almost exterminated the rodents. Chapman decided to beat the ban by bringing some live chinchillas to the United States. He did, but the sensitive animals died from their inability to adjust to lower altitudes. Undaunted, Chapman went back to South America, where he again caught some live chinchillas. On this attempt he acclimatized them gradually, bringing them down the mountains a few hundred feet at a time. On the voyage back to California, Chapman nursed his prizes with ice packs and hot water bottles. Eleven survived and became the distant relatives of the 40,000 domestic chinchillas alive today, including those owned by Dad and me.

The animals in our basement live comfortably in simple three by two and one-half by two foot cages. In each cage we keep a nest box about one cubic foot in size. The chinchillas stay in these cozy nests during the day and scamper around at night. Young are born throughout the year, and most litters contain from one to three babies which open their eyes and crawl around the cage an hour after birth. They are born full-furred. Both male and female are fine parents—the male often helps dry the first baby while the others are being born. Another peculiarity is that chinchillas prefer to bathe in dust, which we keep in each cage.

If chinchillas weren't so expensive, they would make excellent pets. Each animal has a distinct personality and is extremely curious and docile. In addition, chinchillas have very clean habits. The extreme thickness of their fur, which also makes them valuable, repels vermin. Most other animals grow one hair from each pore, but chinchillas have about eight per follicle. The result is density and silkiness. Chinchilla fur is light slate gray on the outside, shading down to a darker color closer to the roots; an imperceptible breeze reveals all shades of gray. Because chinchilla pelts are very light, a chinchilla-skin coat weighs less than a cloth one of comparable size.

Chinchillas are now raised only for breeding purposes, since a live animal is worth several times more than a skin. But we, like others in the industry, are looking forward to the time when pelts will be marketed regularly. Taking

skins from culls or dead animals—the present practice—yields lower grade fur than could be obtained if the best animals were killed when their fur is prime in cold weather. January marks the height of the prime time for chinchillas, and so the National Chinchilla Breeders of America (of which we are a member) stage their annual exhibition then.

We are listed with this trade association as owner of the Immel Chinchilla Ranch, and the NCBA has issued us an exclusive brand. The brand is put on one ear of each of our chinchillas. The year of birth and registered litter number are marked on the other. Our animals are listed with NCBA, which furnishes buyers with the pedigree of each chinchilla sold.

Opinions differ on the best diet for chinchillas, but we keep our animals healthy with prepared pellets of alfalfa leaves and roughage. These are supplemented with cereal products—wheat germ, barley, oats, hay and greens. This diet costs us only about three dollars per animal per year. This low maintenance cost, plus the animals' great value, makes them fine investments. And in these days of meager interest rates, chinchillas are also attractive investments because they usually double their number each year—if given good care. That's fine business at \$1200 per pair. In a few years the animals multiply themselves into a full-time business. Dad started with twenty and now has seventy-five.

That's how Dad's business has grown. The productivity of his chinchillas has enabled him to buy a ranch site. Dad is going to build on the land this spring. So if you are ever planning a visit to Carthage, stop in and meet a man whose gold mine outgrew his basement.

* * *

The minister unfolded his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration off his forehead. He decided that he would omit part of his sermon; that it was too hot to deliver a lengthy address. Anyway it was apparent that no one in the chapel was really listening to him. A few of the ladies had shaped their programs into fans and were waving them back and forth in a vain attempt to gain some relief from the oppressive heat. One obese lady had even moved to a seat that was near an open window. Most of the men were coatless and had loosened their wilted collars. A young man sitting alone in a pew appeared to be reading a hymnal, but he was actually reading an old newspaper clipping that he had found when rummaging through his billfold. In the rear of the chapel a small boy folded a Sunday school pamphlet into an airplane and launched it out an open window. A gentle breeze wafted the craft back into the building, and it settled upon the head of one of his companions. Several little girls, unable to withhold their delight, giggled and pointed at the boy, who was unaware of the plane on his head. Those in the front pews turned to see the indignant mother of the young pilot lead him out the door. The minister's "amen" was accompanied by the mournful cry of a child in distress.

—RONALD BECK, 101.

Mission Accomplished

S. C. EASTWOOD

Rhetoric 102, Theme 13

THERE IS SOMETHING INDEFINABLE, YET SWEETLY RE-assuring about the shrill "wheep, wheep, wheep" of a destroyer on blood scent. As the 3007 dashed down the channel, its wake caught up a hapless "Q" boat and sent it spinning. The bamboo outriggers and trailing lines might momentarily have led the uninformed to suspect the "Q" was engaged in some activity not necessarily or directly connected with the war effort. Any such thoughts were immediately dispelled by the presence of the two-star pennant, thoroughly soaked, but still bravely flying in the stiff breeze. A portly figure, clutching a deep-sea rod in his left hand, rose to shake his fist at the destroyer. From the bridge, the destroyer's captain returned the compliment with a smoothly executed salute. No one had ever accused Lt. Comdr. Oswald Oxrider Ormsby ("triple O" to his crew), Annapolis, Class of '43, of not doing exactly the right thing at precisely the correct moment. He had never made a mistake, and the odds were strongly in favor of his retaining his perfect record so long as Lt. Johnson remained his executive officer.

Lt. Johnson had held a master's license for sixteen years. He had received the promotion in almost four years of federal service.

On the navy houseboat, anchored in the shallow water adjacent to the channel, the loud speaker whistled, crackled, and announced in a grating voice that all small craft in the area would immediately lay along side. The urgency was apparent in the fact that the bosun on the mike had omitted the inevitable "Now hear this . . ." which customarily preceded all announcements.

A puff of smoke rose from the destroyer's after-deck. Two depth charges arched from the "Y" gun, sailed through the air and disappeared beneath the surface to reappear seconds later as geysers of grey-green water. For ten minutes the destroyer crossed and recrossed the channel, back and forth in a perfect geometric pattern, throwing her "ash cans" at perfectly-timed intervals.

Suddenly the firing ceased. The destroyer cut her engines and circled slowly. For the first time she broke radio silence. "Mission accomplished." Nothing more.

As she returned to her berth, with all the dignity befitting a ship of the line, a cheer went up from the small craft huddled against the houseboat. Now it was the turn of the two-star gentleman to salute smartly. The fact that he was clad only in shorts and sneakers detracted absolutely nothing from the stature.

Much later in the evening, his report having been duly filed, Lt. Comdr. O. Ormsby repaired to the wine mess, as was the custom of the officers of the station. Ordinarily he would have joined the select group of "academy

men" who preferred to sit apart from the reservists, but tonight he was in an expansive mood and sought out the officers of his own crew. Motioning them to retain their seats, he announced: "Think the old man should buy a drink. Not every day a man gets a pig boat, y'know."

As the evening wore on, the breeze, which had been blowing steadily increased to near gale velocity. "I was just thinking, Sir," ventured Ensign Hill, his engineer and youngest member of the crew, "with the wind blowing the way it is, and the ground swells running and all, some of the wreckage of whatever we hit should be washed up on Canajo Beach when the tide runs out."

"What do you mean, whatever we hit?" demanded Ormsby belligerently. "There was oil slick all over the bay. You saw it, didn't you, Johnson?"

"Well, I saw a slick of some sort all right," Johnson began, "but. . ."

Whatever he would have added was interrupted by the arrival of a marine orderly with a message. Ormsby ripped open the manila envelope and after taking what seemed an unreasonable length of time for a man of his education to decipher a simple message, remarked: "Uh-huh. T. W. X. from those army chaps patrolling the beaches. Says —'Enemy aground. Congratulations on typical Navy performance.' The skipper, Captain Ashmere, that is, is going over for a look-see. Invites us to go along. No, never mind, Mr. Johnson; you fellows stay here and enjoy yourselves. I'll go over with the captain."

There was little conversation during the trip across the bay. Capt. Ashmere was an efficient man. He was also a very tired man. Commissioned just after World War I, he had long since come to hate the Navy system that relegated older officers to comparatively quiet stations along the sea lanes, while younger men were given commands with the fleets operating farther north.

Ormsby was quiet for the simple reason that he fully realized the danger of opening his mouth. He had shipped out some weeks earlier, but the continued pitching of any small boat made him uneasy. He was sufficiently intelligent to realize this condition was entirely normal and would undoubtedly pass with time, but nevertheless it was unseemly that a man of his position should "feed the fish" in the presence of common seamen.

The barge touched at a tiny landing improvised from empty oil drums and rough cocoanut logs. An infantry lieutenant badly in need of a shave and change of clothes caught the line and made it fast. "Good evening gentlemen. I'm Lieutenant Snyder," he introduced himself. "The colonel sends his compliments and requests I guide you down the beach. He's waiting for you there." In spite of the formality, Ormsby thought he detected a slight note of sarcasm. Regrettable how uncouth some of these fellows became after they'd been living in the jungle for a while.

They followed their guide in silence through a mangrove swamp that smelled as only a mangrove swamp at low tide can smell, around an outcrop of jagged coral, to the smooth, moonlit beach. Ormsby quickened his pace. His first kill! This was certainly good for a citation—possibly a promotion—even the Navy Cross!

A short, heavy man with a silver eagle on the lapel of his faded fatigues stepped forward and extended his hand. "Good evening. I'm Colonel Jones. Step up and take a look at your good work. As I said in my T.W.X., typical Navy performance."

It is extremely doubtful that Ormsby ever heard what he said. He stood like a man in a dream—a particularly horrible dream. There on the beach, partially submerged, but with a gaping hole torn in its port bow, was the enemy craft. "I might add," said the Colonel, "the disposition of this dead whale will be entirely the responsibility of the Navy."

Portrait of a Librarian

JACK W. EHRETT

Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

SHE WORKED IN THE LIBRARY. SHE SAT AT A LITTLE table behind the huge main desk. I happened to watch her closely one day when she waited on a young man who wanted a pamphlet from some obscure file.

"Well, now, let me check this in the catalogue, and I'll be right with you," she said, smiling. "... Ah, here we are." She approached the desk again. "Now this pamphlet should be in the business room. I'll show you."

They set out together. He, with his erect, graceful figure, confident and relaxed gait, struck a conspicuous contrast to her, with her tall body, erect enough, but with long legs, knees hardly bending, alternating in a connecting rod fashion, cranking her way across the floor. And oh, those arms, straight and bony, even under two layers of material, elbows taut like brakes on a railroad car, hinges at the shoulders, crackling occasionally, arms pendulating to and fro, perhaps keeping her upright with their gyroscopic effect. Her hands flipped intermittently. She carried a pencil in one, a card in the other. Head and eyes straight ahead, onward she went, steering around posts and people, past famous paintings and mosaic walls, vases, busts of Shakespeare, Longfellow, Lincoln, Andrew Carnegie; past rows of tables, chairs, people poring over books, pencils wiggling furiously and heads being scratched; under indoor sunshine at noon on bald pates set between tiny, long, parallel gold bars; past shelves and past cases, past "Reserved" and "Do Not Open"; man looking at the woman over there bending over, door slamming upstairs, sneeze exploding, jingle-tinkle of sinner's penance on burnished mahogany; musty, mellow, archaic odor of yellow pages and moldy covers and wet glue and cord and wrapping paper and wooden shelves and varnish and tons of old newspapers, of oily floors and waxed woodwork and sweeping compound. Shuffle, scuffle, scrape, on hard polished parquet she went, never heeding

distraught glances, caring less for criticism, shifting now, lurching to the leeward, pumping and rocking, down the stairs she went.

They arrived at the shelves. She reached up for the pamphlet and the lace cuff of her white satin blouse moved out from the sleeve. She always wore a trim grey or brown suit, with little pleats on the coat sometimes, and occasionally a tidy little hanky in her left breast pocket. No, I couldn't say she was affected, for her gait and stance were just that way; it seemed, just natural, one might say. But besides, it showed in her face. To get up close and talk to her, to look into those deep, lustrous eyes with almost transparent irises of blue, to get a close view of the thousands of fine lines, horizontal on her forehead, convex around her cheeks, concave under her chin, vertical along her neck, leading in smooth semicircles up from the corners of a thin-lipped mouth, was to behold her countenance—or at least it seemed that way to me—as a subtle picture of such fine personal qualities as frankness, integrity, and broad-mindedness.

She handed the pamphlet to him, saying, "Well, young man, here is the paper you want." How those thin lips would curve into a warm, sincere, personable smile, not aristocratic nor cultured nor sophisticated! And how her deep-red tongue (don't old people have purple tongues?) clucked and zawwed and hammered softly against platinum cheeks when she spoke, curving or flattening on each vowel, ticking off each consonant like a grandfather clock, helping her precise lips to produce correct syllables. Her voice had a cooing, purring, melodious tone, not like a chicken or bird or cat; but like the singing of an old hen just going to roost late on a summer afternoon—soft, guttural, but not rasping, cheerful, contented, but not smug. It had a ring to it, too, like a medium-sized desk bell, or like the bell on the door of an old-fashioned grocery store; it seemed to indicate vitality and self-confidence and humbleness and fairness, industriousness and cheerfulness; just a touch of sadness, perhaps loneliness too, and sometimes it seemed to reveal tiredness only occasionally had a tint of happiness. Something else, too—irresoluteness no; or, a feeling of being out of place—that's it, I guess—in a voice!—I don't know why.

Her hair, hand-tooled silver, swept back from a high, rather narrow forehead, over antique temples, past lightly-tanned, fragile ears, thin like oriental tissue, veined like damask webbing, well-formed like pansies, and gathered at the very back under the command of a strong, daintily jeweled, sterling silver barette.

They returned by the same route to the main desk, and she stamped the card. As the young man turned to leave, she smiled again. To me she seemed really sweet. Not cute. Somehow, again I can't say why, I liked her. She seemed, oh, so much kinder than the other librarians. Maybe she came from a farm or from some poor family or from some remote district, and had to earn her own way, adapt herself to "polished" life. I don't know. But I liked her have always kept thoughts of her tucked away in my mind;—and I suppose I'll never lose them—not that I want to.

Modern Residential Architecture

DAVIDA SOLOMON

Rhetoric 102, Theme 3

MOST PEOPLE SEEM TO BELIEVE THAT A HOUSE OR AN apartment building is an example of modern architecture so long as it is new, has a picture window, and contains an electric kitchen. Nothing could be further from the truth. A truly modern building is constructed according to certain basic principles. One of the most important of these is honesty in the expression of the materials used in its construction.

In older apartment buildings, brick was the basic structural material. Its purpose was to hold up the building. Most newer buildings, however, are built of steel. Brick is no longer needed for support. Yet even in newer buildings the fundamental form is often concealed with a conventional brick facade.

The modern architect believes in incorporating the structural material into the design of the building rather than in hiding such material. He may, for instance, enclose the building in glass, letting the steel show. If he does cover the steel, he will, at least, retain and reveal its basic pattern.

Nowadays many so-called "modern" houses are being built on a mass production basis. Blocks and blocks of these nearly identical houses are springing up in the outlying sections of towns and cities. Their buyers do not realize that such houses lack the very first essential of modern architecture—individuality. The modern architect does not put a family into a house; he builds a house around the family so that it will suit that family's personality and conform to its basic needs. An older married couple, for instance, whose children are grown or nearly grown have different needs from those of a newly married couple who are just about to start raising a family. The prevailing atmosphere in each of these two families would also be different. The architect takes these differences into account when he designs the homes.

Another fundamental concept of modern architecture is building a house so as to make it a part of its surroundings. For instance, if a house is to be built on a lot containing a ridge, it is possible to flatten the ridge with a bulldozer and build the house in a conventional style. The modern architect of the natural school of thought, however, would probably make the house conform to the natural land pattern by building it on two levels. On the other hand, another modern school of thought believes that man should display his technological knowledge and genius for construction by fighting the forms dictated by nature. An architect of this school would also allow the ridge to remain, but would probably build the front of the house on stilts to keep it on one level. In either case, the house would be singularly distinctive.

The prospective builder of a house should not be duped into accepting a standardized design that is being peddled off as "modern." A knowledge of the principles stated above should prevent him from making such a mistake and insure his getting a house more suited to his individual needs and personality.

Dust Devils

ALBERT B. HOLLINDEN

Rhetoric 101, Theme C

DUST DEVILS ARE INTERESTING TO WATCH. A WHIRLING mass of air about twenty inches in diameter moves across the ground. As it moves it picks up particles of dust, small pieces of paper and leaves. A few seconds later the dust devil has disappeared, and the dust, paper and leaves slowly settle back to earth.

The processes of nature that develop these dust devils are really quite simple. It should be obvious not only to the meteorologist but also to the layman that the dust devil is evidence of some type of instability in the atmosphere. Such instability is dependent on the temperature distribution through the horizontal layers of the atmosphere. Cold air is heavier than warm air. If the temperature decreases too rapidly from a lower layer of air to a higher layer, there will be colder, heavier air above warmer, lighter air. If given any impetus, the heavier air will sink and the warmer air will rise. This action is called the release of instability.

In order for instability to occur, there must be a decrease of temperature from the bottom to the top of a one thousand foot layer of air of at least five and one-half degrees Fahrenheit. If such a decrease occurs, any slight impetus will produce a dust devil. Wind flowing around a barn or a haystack gives the air enough motion to release this instability and to start dust devils in movement. Any type of slope will also disrupt the normal flow of the wind enough to provide the impetus.

Dust devils are summertime phenomena. Summer is also the time when considerable differences in temperature are found in the layer of air next to the ground. A temperature of ninety degrees at eye level, for instance, may indicate a temperature of one hundred and forty degrees on the surface of the earth. Such a decrease is evidence of great instability and accounts for the number of dust devils we see on hot summer days.

The Old Lady From Paxton

ALMA BOSTON

Rhetoric 102, Theme 10

OUT OUR WAY, A SATURDAY AFTERNOON AWAY FROM fourth grade at Gregory School is made just for 'War' games in the bushes along the Wabash tracks, baseball in the Red Alley (nicknamed for its red cinders) by the I.C. terminal, and sailing homemade boats in the Bone Ditch. Those games are sure a lot of fun, but they take a whole bunch of kids to play and the rest of the gang had gone to a Durango Kid movie at the Park. Only Raymond Schipp — he's in third grade — and I were left behind — no money, see — so we decided to take a bike ride in the country.

It was hot pedaling. My neck got hot under my hair and the dust made my eyes water and burned my throat, so I said to Raymie, "Where we going, Raymie? I'm sure hot and tired from pumping."

I was one year and two months older, but I was always following at his heels, so I had to take orders — what Raymie says goes in our block, except when Big Jimmie McCoy's around.

"Just down the road, Tush. Yuh can't quite tell it from here, but the road goes straight down — Graveyard Hill, it's called. Runs along East Lawn cemetery."

"Yeh, but I'm still thirsty."

"Aw, don't worry, Tush. We can get a drink from one of those sprinklers in the graveyard. Nobody'll care." He giggled at his joke.

When we got to Graveyard Hill it was so steep we just pushed off and coasted downhill real fast, like on a roller coaster. Under an elm tree in the cemetery I found a water faucet and cupped my hands like Raymie did.

"Hey, Tush. Look over there." Raymie pointed down the driveway. "Two men are digging up something."

"Silly, they're burying someone."

"I'm going to see."

Raymie's sure a fast runner, but I kept right behind until we dashed up to a man with a shovel in his hands standing beside a long, deep trench. The other was unloading folding chairs.

"Hey, mister! What'cha doing?" Raymie was always prowling around looking for things to get into, mostly trouble, his mom says. "Are you really burying somebody?"

"Not quite yet, son. Just digging the hole. Who are you kids anyway? Out for a bike ride?"

"Sure. I'm Raymond Schipp and this is Tush Mack." Raymie jabbed a thumb in my ribs.

Joe and Eddie — so they told us — walked around the open grave telling what every gadget was used for — the grass mat hid the pile of dirt, the canvas was for a little tent, and the low brass bars around the pit helped the pallbearers lower the coffin.

"Still looks like a man hole," Raymie laughed.

"Say, Mister Joe." I pulled at his shirt tail. "Who is it you're working so hard to bury this afternoon?"

He ruffled my hair like I was a sheep dog.

"Why, honey, she's a lady from Paxton. Can't say as I exactly know her name though."

"But why did she have to come all the way —"

Raymie jumped up from the grass mat and pointed excitedly toward the driveway.

"Here she comes!"

A long line of cars with purple flags flying from their windows was moving toward us. Joe and Eddie shooed us across the road so we could hide and watch the funeral. The minister talked awhile and sprinkled some dirt in the grave; the people went away. When they were out of sight, Raymie and I tagged after Joe and Eddie back to the grave.

"Can we help, huh mister?" Raymie tugged at Eddie's sleeve. "Can we help bury the lady from Paxton?"

"Well, don't see as it would hurt much."

Raymie grabbed an extra shovel and started pitching in the dirt, but I didn't do very much burying except to toss in a few globs of dirt now and then and hear them clunk kind of emptily on the cement vault. Somehow, burying somebody didn't agree with me, but Raymie thought it was great fun. He sneaked a side look at Joe and Eddie busy folding up the grass mat, and then suddenly jumped right down in the grave.

"Com'on in, 'fraidy cat. It's not very deep."

"Oh no, I'd be scared to. She might not like it, Raymie."

"Ah, she won't care," and he stomped on the cement vault. "Will you, old lady from Paxton?"

"Raymie, you shouldn't of!"

He sure could be awful loud when he's showing off, because Joe and Eddie came running back like the Durango Kid was after them.

"Here, boy! You get yourself out of there right now. It's sacrilegious."

"It's what, Mister Eddie?"

Mister Eddie just stared real hard at Raymie.

"Oh, all right." Raymie slid a leg over the edge and rolled over on the grass. "I was only having some fun." He grinned and the empty spot showed in his upper gum where Jimmie McCoy had knocked out a big tooth in a fight. Eddie's mouth sort of twitched at the edges and then he grinned back. Nobody could stay real mad at Raymie for long.

Joe and Eddie finished up the burying in a hurry without Raymie's help; it had started to sprinkle. Pretty soon there was only a bump in the ground left. The rain was coming down hard now, so we climbed up on our bike seats.

In the middle of the road Raymie stopped and whispered, "Just gotta get a souvenir, Tush." Joe and Eddie had their backs turned, so Raymie fished into a flower basket and snatched a pink gladiolus, then came running back.

Riding down the road toward home, Raymie shook the long stem in the air like a sword. At the top of Graveyard Hill he waved the gladiolus over his shoulder and yelled, "Goodby, old lady from Paxton."

The Effects of Pre-Frontal Lobotomy

NANCY SIFFERD

Rhetoric 101, Theme 10

SINCE 1935, WHEN FIRST SUCCESSFULLY USED BY MONIZ, a Portugese neurosurgeon, some twenty or thirty thousand pre-frontal lobotomies have been performed. Perhaps no other surgical technique in the history of medicine has caused as much controversy as this relatively simple operation.

Pre-frontal lobotomy is the surgical destruction of the white matter of the frontal lobe of the brain. The frontal lobe, which is located just above the eyebrows, is believed to be the center of human foresight, insight, imagination, apprehension, and self-consciousness. The operation is used on mental patients in depressive and obsessive states, psychoneurotics, alcoholics, and schizophrenics. The purpose of the surgery is to relieve anxiety and depression and to restore the patient to a more quiet state of mind.

The technique of lobotomy is not complicated, and the operation carries little surgical risk. Since the brain is insensitive to pain, only a local anesthetic is needed. A trephine, a saw which removes circular disks of bone from the skull, is used to make an opening into which a scalpel is inserted. An arc-like cut separates the frontal pole from the rest of the brain. The tissue is left in place.

The effect of lobotomy varies widely. There is usually no intellectual impairment, and most I.Q. tests are the same after surgery as before. But higher mental function, the ability to think abstractly, is definitely disturbed. The patient becomes inattentive and unable to carry on sustained activity. The drive to accomplish disappears, and he is satisfied to sit and do nothing unless pushed. A woman who was a meticulous housekeeper before the surgery

was performed becomes willing to let dust collect and dishes go unwashed. Memory for recent happenings is lost. Details of childhood are remembered, but yesterday's activities may be forgotten completely. The ability to make plans and foresee results is impaired. After slapping a nurse a patient may say, "I can see now why I shouldn't have done it, but at the time I couldn't see what the consequence would be." There is usually poor control of emotional expression. The patient is impulsive and does not always respond acceptably to social situations. He is often tactless and rude, but without malice. There is general lack of inhibition which may cause a reserved person to become a braggart.

On the positive side, lobotomy causes violent patients to become quiet and rather cheerful. It does away with crying spells, agitation, anxiety, violence, and fear. Obsessive thoughts may persist, but they lose their disturbing quality. Sadness and disappointment do not last as long as in normal individuals.

Lobotomy has shown the best results with depressives. Schizophrenics show poorer results, and alcoholics do not benefit at all. Some authorities, however, believe that lobotomy has actually caused more mental invalids than it has aided. The operation is not a cure. It does not solve the problems of the patient; it only creates a defective individual who no longer worries about his problems. The production of a brain defect is a means of lessening the management and custodial duties of society. It makes the job of those who must care for the patient easier. The patient, instead of being violent, a suicidal depressive, or obsessed with nameless fears, is childlike, dull, passively docile, and senselessly cheerful. What may appear on the surface to be social adjustment is not an active entering into the life of a group, but a passive state of being submerged in a group. Lobotomy may produce a "human vegetable."

Every medical discovery undergoes a period of critical evaluation, and lobotomy is now the subject of such an evaluation. Many think that it is morally wrong to interfere so radically with the function of the human brain. They argue that the brain is too closely related to the soul and to God to be tampered with by any man. But there are more practical arguments against this controversial operation. In spite of the number of lobotomies which have been performed, there is no definite proof as to their worth, so even when the moral aspect of the operation is disregarded the decision to employ it is a very serious one. The effect may be disappointing, but the interference with brain function is irreversible. The personality change which results from the operation is desirable only in relation to the symptoms which the patient has shown before surgery. Lobotomy will never return a patient to the same mental state that he enjoyed before his illness. It gives him an entirely new personality.

Consequently, the patient's outlook on life, his present environment, and his future aspirations should be taken into consideration before a decision is made. The operation should never be performed on a young person or if there is the slightest hope of spontaneous recovery or cure with less drastic treatments. Until more is known about it, pre-frontal lobotomy must remain an operation which is used only as a last resort.

The Wake

J. A. CIARLO

Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

JIM LOOKED OUT THE WINDOW AND SAW THAT IT WAS raining harder. He noticed for the hundredth time the eerie patterns made by the reflections from the corner street light on the rivulets of water running down the pane. Unconsciously he moved the beads of a silver and black rosary through his fingers, keeping pace with the group. He shifted his aching knees around on the kneeler and looked across the dimly-lit parlor towards the body. He and his grandmother had never been close; it was one of those things that nobody seemed to understand in him. The murmur of the prayer responses came again into focus as he glanced around to see if anyone had noticed that he wasn't answering the rosary. The thought struck him that he had never seen most of these people before; he wondered why they even came to a wake on a night like this.

His eyes wandered from the people to the flowers surrounding the casket. Some were big, expensive clusters; others were small wreaths laid around to cover up the bottoms of the vases holding the taller bunches. The sweet, sickly odor that came from the blossoms bothered him; he couldn't figure out why anyone would want to put perfume on such nice-smelling things as roses.

Over the murmuring of the prayers he could hear the faint sounds of people talking in the outer room. He was curious to know what grown-ups usually talk about, but he knew that in adult circles he wasn't wanted. He allowed his eyes to run along the murals covering the sides of the room. One mural portrayed a woman in a flowing gown stretching her arms out to a starlit sky. He began to wonder what she would do if the sky in the picture suddenly grew dark and it began to rain. He came to the conclusion that she would probably stay there.

A loud clap of thunder brought back the sounds of the group praying, and he skipped half a dozen beads on his rosary to catch up with them. He wished he was in the outer room where he thought he could hear his dad's voice occasionally, but he couldn't bring himself to ask his mother to let him go; there were so many things that his mother didn't understand. His eyes returned to the body and he reflected upon the skill of the undertaker; his grandmother had been a very old lady. He remembered seeing her the last time, about four months ago. She had been cutting a bouquet of flowers from her small but complete flower garden. Somehow he couldn't associate her with flowers; they were so new, so beautiful, so fresh. . . .

He glanced at the man who had just come in and knelt down beside his mother. It was his dad. Jim was glad that he was in the room; he always felt better when his dad was around. His eyes returned to the mural of the woman in the gown, and he noticed that the stars were still shining in her

sky. He looked at it a few minutes longer and decided that she would put her arms down by her sides if it started raining. He wondered what she was looking at.

The rosary was finished. Several people got up to leave, stopping to whisper good-bye to his father and mother. He slipped the silver and black rosary into his pocket and looked out the window; it had stopped raining.

Thank Heavens For Movies!

RITA CHANEN

Rhetoric 101, Theme C

IF THE DOORBELL RINGS INDICATING THE ARRIVAL OF your blind date for the evening and he turns out to be a sallow-faced youth, narrow through the shoulders and billfold, don't despair, girls. March him or drag him to a movie. Once you're there your troubles will be over.

Before you even start, stall for time by looking in a newspaper for the features "now showing" and discuss in great detail the merits of each one. Be certain to select a very small theatre; standing in line will pass a fraction of the evening away. Of course, this procedure could prove extremely mortifying if some acquaintances of yours are waiting too.

Don't overlook the possibilities of the popcorn box. There's nothing like a crunchy mouthful to eliminate conversation. As you leave the refreshment counter, forget the hope you've been harboring that there won't be two seats together. Even if you are so lucky, sooner or later the person next to you will leave, giving your escort his cue to come gallantly charging down the aisle to his rightful place by your side.

Should he be of the genus nuisance and constantly deliver a "calls-'em-as-I-sees-'em" commentary of the actions on the screen, pretend to be so engrossed in Will McGill's experiences in chasing cattle rustlers that you don't hear him. The chronic hand-holder can be cured easily; simply become so carried away by the exciting story that you must, to keep from bouncing out of your seat, grasp the chair-arm AWAY FROM HIM tightly with both hands.

If his personality is still unbearable or if he has the kind of breath not even his own mother—and certainly not you—would tell him about, you can always excuse yourself and enjoy a thirty-minute sojourn in the comfort station in the lobby.

When the movie is over—do stick it out to the bitter end—there's no need to worry about what to say to the character for another hour or two. Begin to squint and frown; then ask if he has an aspirin—that poor lighting in the theatre gave you a horrid headache! Unless your date is the most ungentlemanly sort of villain, he'll smother you with sympathy and speed you right home.

When Is A Bargain Not A Bargain?

ROBERT S. WEBB

Rhetoric 101, Final Examination

NOT TOO LONG AGO A RETAILER OFFERED DOLLAR BILLS for sale at ninety-five cents each—nice, crisp greenbacks, fresh from the U. S. Mint. People flocked to his store. You might have been in the crowd yourself, for you certainly can recognize a bargain when you see one. However, if you were in the crowd, you probably wondered how a retailer could sell dollar bills for ninety-five cents and still stay in business. You asked yourself, "Is there a catch to this curious sale?" The answer is yes—a catch that is as old as this country, although it has been modernized to fit the present-day low standards of swindling.

The retailer knows that by offering a sale of this type he will attract people to his store. Also, he knows that once the people are in his store they will usually buy something, whether it be the advertised bargain or some other product. Therefore, by raising the prices of his no-bargain items he can make up for the loss on the sale. The sale is just a come-on to get people into the store.

Although this dollar bill sale happened only once, it symbolizes the extremes to which merchants will go to make a dollar. Usually they cut the prices of a nationally-known product. Then they advertise the reduction in all the papers and the big rush is on. Competitors, seeing that their rivals have reduced their prices, also reduce theirs.

This price-slashing goes on and on until sometimes the article offered for sale can be bought for less than the price of its container. Dazzled by all of these bargains, people get the idea that the merchants are really cutting prices. They are not. All they are doing is juggling them. By raising the prices of their other articles, merchants usually make a big profit on a sale.

Now many people believe they can beat the merchants at their own game by merely going into the store, buying the advertised article, turning around and walking out. That is more easily said than done. Look at the matter from the retailer's point of view. Once he has tricked a customer into coming into his store, he's not going to let him out as easily as he came in. Therefore, he has devised a few tricks to outsmart the average shopper.

The first of these is the sales switch. The retailer instructs his clerks to tell the customer that the advertised bargain is sold out, but that there is something else in stock which is an even better buy for the money. Watch out for

this line. Usually the "terrific buy" is an off-brand article and inferior in quality. All the buyer can be assured of is that the merchant is making a nice profit on the deal.

The second trick is the accessories sale. The customer gets the advertised bargain all right, but the price of the accessories is increased to make up for the loss on the original offer. In Chicago not too long ago a certain store advertised vacuum cleaners for sale at a good-sized discount. However, the accessory, which normally sold for six-fifty, was raised to fifteen dollars. Actually the customer lost money on the deal.

The third is the sales ambush. The retailer places the bargain counter in the back of the store. As the customer enters, he must pass virtually every other counter before reaching the right one. These counters are staffed by fast-talking, high-pressure clerks who could probably sell a bicycle to Whistler's mother. Only the person with iron-clad sales resistance is able to pass without buying something.

These are just a few of the tricks used in everyday business. There are many more, too numerous to mention. The important idea behind these illustrations is that when you go into a store, look out. There is no telling what new trick merchants will think up next to swindle the poor unsuspecting customer. So remember, any time the word "sale" comes up, think twice before running down to the store, because the customer is going to be the loser and certainly not the merchant, who will always be one step ahead.

* * *

PROCESS THEME

Under a kettle, two cows' tails deep and four around, thrice greased by fat of a widow of three mates, one stabbed, one poisoned, and one burned, ignite the bones of a robin's first hatch, stolen from the nest before their first flight.

Into the caldron pour five skulls of fresh blood from the hearts of caterpillars still wriggling in the dust. Add a snail's whiskers and a dog's tooth, a leopard's eye and a toad's ear, a man's finger and a woman's toe, and with a rod, broken from a hazel tree in full moon, stir around four times four.

And at the last say the words:

To thee, O Prince, my soul I give;
May I forever with thee live.
If you will but grant my vision,
I ne'er will change this dark decision.

—JOHN GEPPERT, 101.

The Relationship Between Kurtz and Marlow

TATSUO TANOURA

Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

TWO MEN ARE BROUGHT TOGETHER UNDER STRANGE circumstances in Joseph Conrad's novel, *Heart of Darkness*. Their meeting and acquaintanceship are of short duration, but within that limited period the result of years of isolation and their deteriorating effect on the life of one is made strikingly clear to the other. Charles Marlow, the narrator and steamboat captain on whose ship the dying Kurtz is brought aboard, is able to understand the turmoil within the agonized soul because he sees in Kurtz the embodiment of his own weaknesses.

The aspirations of the two, however, differ greatly. Kurtz, at first, is an idealist with noble plans for bringing a semblance of civilization to the savages of the interior. He is also ambitious in his quest for great wealth, for the lack of it is the chief objection of his fiancée's parents to Kurtz's marriage with their daughter.* Marlow, on the other hand, is a seaman and a wanderer. He is always yearning to explore the different countries on the map. He has no thoughts of settling down. His great love is adventure and a constant search for the unknown. He is restless, discontented, and vaguely aware of a vacuum in his life. It is as though his urge to travel is motivated by an unconscious desire to find that necessary something to fill this vacuum. Marlow's trip into the heart of Africa is symbolic of a trip into the depths of a human soul. It is a journey into the vast expanse of an unknown area, both in the geographical and spiritual sense.

For Marlow the success of his voyage into the interior is not measured in terms of whether he can safely navigate his steamer to its destination and back. Nor is he much concerned about the amount of ivory he will have aboard on his return trip. From the moment the name of Kurtz is introduced into his life, Marlow's only interest in the trip is to meet this fabulous personality and to hear him speak.

Marlow is not aware of this desire at first, but after an attack on the boat by savages and the resultant death of his helmsman, this strange yearning to hear a voice becomes the foremost thought in his mind. He experiences a keen sense of disappointment as he contemplates the possibility that Kurtz might not be alive when he gets there. He relates: "I flung one shoe overboard, and became aware that that was exactly what I had been looking forward to—talk with Kurtz. I made the strange discovery that I had never imagined him as doing, you know, but as discoursing. I didn't say to myself, 'Now I will never see him,' or 'now I will never shake him by the hand,' but, 'now I

will never hear him.' The man presented himself as a voice." These words reveal Marlow's premonition that somehow Kurtz holds the secret of that elusive idea or truth for which he himself has been seeking.

During his brief relationship with Kurtz, Marlow comes to know the truth and wisdom that can come only from one who has known both good and evil, and who, before passing beyond the line into eternal darkness, utters words that seem clothed with the authority of an unseen force. Marlow is able to understand the inner struggles of the doomed man, for in Kurtz he sees an image of himself.

Kurtz represents Marlow's salvation, for through him Marlow gains an understanding of his own as well as all men's weaknesses when exposed to the temptation of the acquisition of complete power over other men. Kurtz was the living symbol of the *Heart of Darkness*. Marlow is its reincarnation.

Does Honesty In Taking Exams Pay Off

DARLENE HERMANSON

Rhetoric 102, Final Examination

DURING THE WEEK OF INTENSIFIED EXAMINATION AT the end of the semester, the question of "to cheat or not to cheat" becomes an ever-present, though usually unconscious, thought in the minds of most students.

On the one hand, a person is taught—practically at his mother's knee—that dishonesty of any sort is to be avoided; he is told over and over again that dishonesty is simply not to be indulged in at any time or under any circumstances. Then on the other hand, he discovers that great emphasis is placed on final effort rather than on over-all, steady work. Such emphasis is particularly true in college, where much of the grade is decided by a final examination. Our hypothetical student naturally wants the best grade he can possibly get (he has also been taught that this is a virtue), and since it is pretty difficult to remember a whole semester's work on the last day, a bit of dignified cheating may seem justified.

The ordinarily honest student can find a number of good reasons to cheat on final exams. First of all, his instructors say all semester, "This will be on your final; never mind that, it won't be on your final." Such a method takes emphasis off knowledge and makes "passing the final" all-important. The student is also informed of the exact percentage of his semester grade to be determined by his final examination. Pretty soon the student's perspective becomes hazy and the semester may seem like a preparation for the "final" rather than the "final" being a test of what he has learned during the semester. It

is absolutely necessary for him to pass this examination, he knows, and therefore, if he can "get by" with a few artificial aids here and there, he will be applauded for the result.

But there is an even more important reason for doing well on final examinations. Our student wants to be a success in his society, which means he must get a job that will pay him a good salary. Companies interview graduating seniors and offer them salaries commensurate with their grade-point level. The enterprising student knows, therefore, that he must come as near a 5.0 as possible in order to command a high salary. After all, he reasons, no one looks into the whys and wherefores of the grade: they merely see the end grade level. He can prove he's valuable to them *after* he is in their employ. And, anyway, a few drinks now and then with the right guy and he's "got it made." Thus he reasons, and it does seem logical that he must, by fair means or foul, make a good showing on his final examination.

To add to the student's growing conviction that he is justified in cheating just a little bit, there are numerous stories of some buddy's "personal friend" who "knew somebody" in the college office and ended by graduating with honors, or who "got in good" with the instructor, and so on and on. He got by with it: all it took was a bit of discretion. And look at the wonderful job he has now. . . .

And what is there to stop him? The worst that could happen is dismissal from school, and that can be remedied easily enough if he really wants to return. He can appeal, or his father can "arrange" things. As for the moral integrity and inner satisfaction and other abstractions that he has been told are to be sought after, there is time for them later *after* the grade point has been achieved. Of course, this alibi will be used then, too, in rationalizing his adult cheating, but no student aiming at 5.0 is likely to think of that.

It has been argued that all through a person's life he is going to be faced with tests of various kinds and that college finals are actually a wonderful training ground wherein he can prepare to meet life's crises. However, the person whom I heard arguing along this line had access to a complete file of all his courses, admitted he and a friend helped each other during tests, and was using every dignified dishonesty available to further himself in his "high-grade-point-for-a-high-salary" venture.

The person who isn't proficient at memorizing text-book paragraphs and who cannot allow himself to stoop to cheating, may find himself with an abundance of principles but very little food on the table for his family. The majority of employers can't use an employee's principles nearly as readily as they can use his ability to get ahead.

As long as final examinations carry so much importance in a college, there will be an intense need felt by the individual student to cheat. The habit of cheating, once started, is difficult to end and will not be ended when a diploma is granted. Cheating, if not discovered, lends an air of intelligence; therefore, if one is to be a success as measured by material things, he must cheat and not be discovered. In this field, as in so many others, "practice makes perfect."

On Happiness

W. E. CAIN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 3

THE SIMPLE TERM "HAPPINESS" SEEMS TO SUMMARIZE THE aim in life, conscious or unconscious, of every individual. Whether he devotes himself to making money, to drinking, to study, to research, or even to prayer and self-denial, each individual makes his own happiness his ultimate goal.

If this search is admitted to be everyone's fundamental purpose in life, then a computation of what way of life will lead to the greatest sum total of happiness should be of inestimable value. But is achievement of happiness a simple arithmetic problem applicable to everyone? Or is it a personal thing that varies with the individual concerned? Will the mode of living that brings the maximum happiness into one person's life do so for another's—or even tend to do so? A glance at what has guided men's lives in the past may help to answer these questions.

In past centuries man's desire for a guiding purpose in life has been satisfied by religion or mysticism. Principles of self-denial, moral behavior, and humility have been dictated by the promise of a happier life after death. Behavior has been controlled as much by fear of eternal damnation as by high principles. One result of this outlook was a negative, superstitious individual rather than a positive, straight-thinking one.

Then, with the great technological and scientific advances of the nineteenth century, came a turning from this devotional life to a more secular one. Many of the dogmas of religion were disproved by science, and new ideologies were advanced by philosophers. Self-denial retreated to the monasteries. People began to look for more pleasure in life on earth.

Today, the change that was initiated in the last century has been carried to an extreme degree. Although men still attend church for its inspirational value, many of them are hypocritical; they do not completely accept on faith the church dogmas that are so widely disputed in current society. Gross self-indulgence has for the most part replaced self-denial. The pragmatic and utilitarian concept of "the greatest good for the greatest number" has gained popular support. But each man tries to make certain that this "greatest good" will not pass him by; spreading it to the "greatest number" is of less interest to him.

How, then, should man strive for happiness in the future? Religious self-denial does not seem to be the answer. It leads only to lack of initiative and backwardness. On the other hand, self-indulgence brings only a shallow branch

of happiness, for the man who devotes himself to dissipation cannot help but feel that he is living a relatively useless life, that he is not using his potentialities to the fullest measure.

The obvious conclusion is that man is happiest when he is contributing as much as he can to the advancement of society—to what society has defined as cultural, scientific, and moral progress. Man will be happiest if he can feel he has done all in his power to create a better life for future generations.

That the most profound happiness comes from rejecting both self-denial and self-indulgence and from developing and using one's ability in a chosen field as far as his capabilities allow is not an individual, but a universal truth. Most people do not use their potentialities, not because they don't want happiness, but because they cannot see the forest of ultimate happiness for the trees of immediate satisfaction. If today's men and women plant a seed by making full use of their innate abilities, future generations, as well as they themselves, will reap the harvest of greater happiness.

Dawn At Dake's Landing

ROBERT SNETSINGER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 5

THROUGH THE MIST A GULL CRIES. THE WIND WHINES in reply. A red lantern on the Missouri side of the river nods in cadence with the ripples. On the towhead the willows shiver as a sharp gust strips them of their yellow leaves. Every gust launches fleets of *Salix* ships bent on an invasion of Louisiana. Overhead grimy clouds besmear the moon with shadows.

Two dim beams of light cut their way up from Sainte Genevieve. A weak-eyed truck snorts to a stop. The door panels bear the label "GUS CRAIG, TRUCKER, GREER SPRINGS, MISSOURI." Three blasts of a 1939 "Chevy" horn, one bleat by a small Guernsey calf, and the passage of five minutes brings the hacking, the sputtering, the wheezing, and finally the catching of a ferry-boat motor. Chugging with only slight enthusiasm, the ferry tacks upstream to the Missouri side. The engine misfires twice and the ferry scrapes to a stop. White smoke fumes out of the mouths of the driver and the ferryman as they load the grunting truck aboard. The grumpy ferry recrosses the Mississippi River and dispatches its cargo. As a small red light disappears in the direction of Modoc, the ferry sinks into a sullen stillness.

Coughing up from Chester looms a gray oiler with consumption in its metal chest. It is headed for the Standard Oil Refinery at Alton. Now a wisp

of smoke hangs over the Dake farm house. In the cooling shed the banging of milk cans covers hints of morning. Over Prairie du Rocher a cold gloom issues. The wind falls. A golden spider pokes first his antennae, then his forelegs, and finally, with great effort, scrambles upon the prairie north of Peter's Creek.

A crow caws, circles twice, and glides to a dead carp upstream on the Missouri side. A fox squirrel chatters nervously for no apparent reason. Overhead a turkey buzzard wheels. A small red pickup truck speeds up the prairie from Novac. The driver races the engine impatiently as he waits for the ramp to be put in place. The wind brushes aside the web of golden haze and the sun spins high above the horizon. From a tree behind the Dake homestead a tardy rooster proclaims morning.

Rhet as Writ

When they ("the fixers") see which athlete they are to "work on" the athlete is offered a bride.

* * *

The growth of the average person is from infancy to adolescence to adulthood.

* * *

He was a thin, hard-faced individual who hardly ever cracked a smile.

* * *

In this day and age of fast living, you must find time to just sit down and take it easy. You will find that in the end you will profit by it.

* * *

They enjoy Governor Stevenson's glib tongue patting them on the back.

* * *

Consider not seeing any more women, the slender lines, the floating rears, the smooth paint jobs. . . .

* * *

I soon found out that to teach a woman to drive a man requires patience and plenty of nerve.